

KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

TO POLITICS, NEWS, THE FARM INTERESTS, HOME MATTERS, CHOICE MISCELLANY, AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

NUMBER 38

DEATH OF THACKERAY.

The publication of R. H. Stoddard's "Life of Thackeray" has drawn attention to the exquisite portrait on the occasion of the death of the author, as follows:

ADSUM.

December 23-24, 1863.]

A angel came by night—
Said the angels still lay down!—
And like wings cloud down!

Passed over London town;
Along the houses streets,
Where wan had ceased to weep.
Until it reached a house

Where a great man lay asleep.—

The man of all his time—

Who knew the most of men—

The soundest head and heart,

The sharpest kindest pen.

It paused beside his bed;

And whispered in his ear;

He never turned his head,

But answered: "I am here."

II.

Into the night they went;

At morning side by side

They gained the sacred place
Where the great Dead abide;

Where the grand old Homer sits

With the great Poets of old;

Where broads in endless thought

The awful Fates;

Where sweet Cervantes walls,

A smile on her grave face;

Where gossips quaint Montaigne,

The wisest of his race;

Where Goethe lookethrough all

With that calm eye of his;

Where little sons bright—

What the new Spirit came;

They asked him, drawing near,

"Art thou become like us?"

He answered: "I am here."

CAMILLA.

Paul Smith was a poor old man.

He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging-house, where he slept

nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese, (or Bologna sausages, when he could afford it,) and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down the corner of the dingy street, to the little music shop of Carl Bertmann, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Saturday afternoons when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his den, and amused himself, nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties; he never went to church; but picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him and gave them half-pennies when he had any, shared his dinner often with a mangy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Norah and the "children."

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings' worth of strength and shoehoer to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when, at the street-door he stumbled, and nearly fell over a small object crocheted on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, strivings to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin, and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any!"

"Dear me! Where's your mother?"

"In heaven!"

Paul was dumbfounded; and, that great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust the violin under the arm which had the bread and putting the other and the tiny figure, he said, "Oh, I've got a home—a really jolly place come up and see."

And that is the way old Paul came have a neat little housekeeper, and be buying calico gowns and shoes of his poor salary.

People wondered at the sight of a old man, hitherto alone and unloved, now walking daily to his work with his hand upon the shoulder of the odd yet pretty-faced girl, looking at her with honest pride brightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as she wherever the joke came.

But old Paul looked unconcerned, waved the questions of the curious, and learned to love nothing better in this world than the little waif, Camilla.

There were many days when rheumatism drew Paul up by the fire in the old back attice, and drew the last penny out of the dilapidated old purse; but brave little Camilla, never for a moment fearing how near death she had been that bitter night of their meeting, found a word to ward off her fears and courage to keep them both until help came.

The winter 1863 came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard.

At the end of the stanza she took breath, and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to my else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame and quickened his blood so rapidly that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twink-

ling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dali perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that time's withering fingers had touched him he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest voice and piped, "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang forward and flung her violently from her foot-hold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to-day at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude and offer—"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny sir. She will not suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise this child from her poverty and educate her that she might be of use to you and to herself and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

"Lor? Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a born, lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hotel among wreaths who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left her body; but deary me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodging house to a snug set of chambers, a few streets off went Paul and Camilla, and the poor wretch began to look like another being, in his cleaner workclothes and Sunday suit, earned from the increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropical friend Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided and after a little time there came days when passers paused to listen to the warblings of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months, she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music master's room.

"What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"I do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and be my wife."

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand. "I have to come to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to-night, and will remain abroad for many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of remembrance."

"And that great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust the violin under the arm which had the bread and putting the other and the tiny figure, he said, "Oh, I've got a home—a really jolly place come up and see."

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The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish, his quiet, unpretending, unoffending life had passed out into the new existence.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend me. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-by, Camilla. Kiss me good-by."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the started propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities placed before her.

* * * * *

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been returned, it only wanted the parent's consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly. "Not much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I expect, if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and the world was to hear her voice, and in a twink-

ling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra pealed forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound, and then the broad curtain rolled up and disclosed the elegantly-fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a rustle in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipations, as from the wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly shaped arms; with a crown of pure black hair upon the regal head; with great, dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of the sweeping robe; and they had all seen the long talked of and highly praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of the footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla the poor little waif, the child of poor Paul Smith, the protege of proud Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamation had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony, and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away—a dreamy, mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain.

Nearer, still nearer it sounded, and bore half drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expectant, trembling glimpse of something better; and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphal strain, and listeners held their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air and then died away. For a moment a deathly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only, and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the music-master and manager sat, an old, old looking man waved his hankerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked up to that one box and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing-room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side-scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her in the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?"

She put her hands over her eyes, murmuring.

"You do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing-room, and when she returned she put out her hand, saying,

"Oh, Richard, take me away! I am soul-sick of all this!"

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

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"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love. He is beyond us now. Those strains of music have carried him to heaven, from whence they came."

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

"Camilla, darling, come away. I will attend to you."

"Oh, Richard!"

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"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

THE SENTINEL.

WILL T. HANLY, PUBLISHER.

OFFICE:
Main Street, over Brown & Young's Drug Store.

MOUNT STERLING:

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871

DEATH OF AN EX-PREMIER OF SPAIN.

The cable a few days ago announced the death, at the little French sea-side village of Biarritz, of Don Gonzales Bravo Murillo, who has figured largely in Spanish politics, and was prime Minister at the time of the abdication of Queen Isabella. Murillo died in a quiet want and surrounded by deplorable poverty. He was born in 1803, in the province of Badayaz, Spain. He was originally intended for the Church, and he received his education at some of the most noted seminaries of learning in the kingdom. As he grew to manhood he took a dislike to the clerical profession and turned his attention to the study of law. Disheartened by his slow advancement in this profession he soon abandoned it and returned to his favorite study of philosophy, in which he distinguished himself sufficiently to obtain a chair in the University at Seville. His restless and dissatisfied spirit did not permit him to remain long at the University, and he soon abandoned his Professorship and returned to his first love, the law. The success that was so tardy in coming at first, now came upon him like a flood, and in a short time he stood at the head of the Spanish bar.

In 1836 he threw himself into the arena of politics, and in the succeeding year was elected to a seat in the Cortez. From that date his career as a statesman began. He filled at different times the positions of Ministers of Justice, Commerce, and Finance, until 1851, when succeeded Narvaez as Prime Minister. This position he held for several years, displaying executive capacity of an exalted order, and finally gave place to his predecessor, the indomitable Narvaez. The latter died in April 1868, just as the revolution which resulted in the expulsion of the last reigning Bourbon from Spain was about to burst forth. Murillo was immediately called to the head of the Government, and signalized his re-assumption of the reins of power by causing the arrest and prompt banishment of several of the most active leaders of the revolutionary party, which decisive action delayed the outbreak of the revolt for months. Isabella, throwing the weight and all the care of government upon her minister, gave herself up to the most shameless licentiousness. Her depraved confessor and his notorious mistress the nun Patricio, ruled her every action. They induced her to rob her impoverished country of fabulous sums which found their way into the papal treasury, and even led her to propose to replace the French garrison at Rome. After repeated solicitations from the Spanish queen, the French Emperor consulted to grant her an interview for the purpose of consulting about the change of soldiery she had proposed making at Rome. In September, 1868, she, with all her court, started to meet Napoleon. Her outraged and plundered subjects took advantage of her absence and threw off her yoke forever. Murillo fled from Madrid at the first outbreak of the revolution and sought refuge in France, where he died a few days ago, in the manner described at the beginning of this article. He was a man of sterling honesty, austere morals, a bigot in his religious belief, and throughout all his public career a tool of the Jesuits. He was severe and often cruel in his measures ruling his people with an iron hand, but his hands were clean of peculation, and not a dollar of the Spanish Treasury was ever transferred to his private coffers. This last, as it is the best that can be said of him, will be apt to become his epitaph.

The Lexington Press descends from its buskin dignity and accustomed region of sesquipedalian balderdash, and tries to be funny at our expense, by remarking that the Courier-Journal quotes the *Sentinel* as the exponent of Democratic opinion in Kentucky. It may be that we are mistaken in calling this *jeu d'esprit* wit. If we be, we are content to pass it by, and drop the curtain of silence over the mental throes that attended the birth of the bantling. Wit is studiously banished from the columns of the Press. It is a very grave paper. If the utterance above referred to be a fling at us—a "savage sarcasm"—we are equally content to pass it over. It is well that once a year a little attire salt is sprinkled on this ponderous specimen of journalism—a sheet whose editorials are thin, weak and watery, and parades, for the most part, on dull telegraphic dispatches. Its leaders read before bedtime, are warranted to produce a first-class nightmare. As insignificant as we may appear in the eyes of this Ceryphus of the press, we repose upon the assurance that we represent as much of the Kentucky Democracy as this great organ; we certainly reflect the views of the people of our county. We cannot say as much for this Jupiter, who still thunders with the resolutions of '98 in his hands.

The ocyodian of the Maysville Republican is the only one of its species that designates ungrammatical editorials "typographical errors."

HOW OUR NEW GOVERNOR STARTS OFF.

Governor Leslie, in his inaugural address, did some very pretty talking about the disorder and lawlessness which exists in the State to that extent which causes alarm to the lovers of law and order, and expresses his intention to uphold and enforce and vindicate the laws at all hazards, and with all the power at his disposal. Peaceable people took heart of grace at reading this declaration. We have a Governor now, they said, who will second the courts and juries of the State in putting down crime and punishing criminals. Thereupon they rejoiced. But their rejoicing was of brief duration. His very first official action was to grant immunity to murder by pardoning the young wretch of Louisville who had wantonly taken the life of a brother wretch in a brothel. The secret of this pardon consists in the fact that the Morton family, of which this murderer is a scion, is one of the wealthiest in the city. He is pardoned now, and is privileged to roam the streets of the city, and loiter in the bagnios, and shoot and stab whomsoever may offend him without fear of the law; for he is sure of Executive mercy, so long as his father's money lasts. We do not wish to be understood as charging or intimating by this remark that Governor Leslie was paid a price for this pardon. We do not believe he would sell official favor. But we do mean that the man, like too many men who have been reared in poverty, cringes to wealth, and when he can do a favor to a wealthy man or family, does it in the hope and with the expectation of winning the recognition and the *entree* to the society of the wealthy. Had young John Morton been a poor man, he would have hanged for all of Governor Leslie's interference. There are two or three poor wrecks, laboring men, now in the Louisville jail under sentence of death for murders not one whit more atrocious than that of which young Morton was convicted. The juries discriminated between those poor devils and the heir of banker Morton by sending them to the gallows and him to the penitentiary for two years. That was in itself wrong. And now comes the Governor and turns Morton loose, because by that action, he pleases all the wealthy people of Louisville, who signed the petition for the pardon. Now let the mechanics, the laborers, the factory hands, the washing women, the servant girls, of Louisville, petition him for the pardon of the poor devils now in the jail who are sentenced to be hanged. We will then see whether the official bows in compassion towards all creatures.

In the meantime, as our Governor has decided to grant immunity to crime by the exercise of the pardon power, it would be well for the people to take the matter of dealing out justice with their own hands. Mob law is terrible, but it is better than granting indulgencies to murderers. One murderer well-hanged will go farther towards making murder unfashionable than the pardoning of a dozen murderers. As the Governor has proven to us that his way of suppressing lawlessness is to permit the lawless to roam the State unwhipt of justice, it does seem that the people, in order to protect their lives and property, will have to enlist the sympathies and services of Judge Lynch in their behalf.

DEATH OF "UNCLE JOE" SHAWHAN.
We grieve to learn of the death of "Uncle Joe" Shawhan, of Harrison county, which occurred last Friday night, and resulted from injuries received the Tuesday night preceding by being thrown from a young horse he was riding home from the Lexington races. He was ninety years and three days old at the time of his death.

"Uncle Joe" was a wheel-horse of the Democracy of his district, and had represented Harrison county a score of terms in the Legislature. He was a soldier of the war of 1812 and the father of the Confederate Major John Shawhan, who was killed at Ivy Mountain, in Eastern Kentucky, at an early day of the late war. "Uncle Joe" and his father emigrated to Kentucky from Pennsylvania at the time of the famous "Whisky Rebellion," and were the distillers of the first "Bourbon" whisky ever made. He was a man of limited education, but great natural intellect. He was keen, shrewd, methodical, and every inch a business man. Impossibly wealthy, he was remarkably plain in dress and manner, prudent in his habits, eminentiy sociable in disposition, and a working man to the day of his death. He was singularly free from the ignoble pride of wealth, no niggard of his charities, honest as the day is long, and was incapable of performing a wrong or a mean action. His estate was baronial in proportions, comprising 3,500 acres of fine blue-grass land, situated in Harrison and Bourbon, all of which he managed in person.

But "Uncle Joe" Shawhan, with his grand and rugged but kindly nature, his ready helping hand, and his solid worth, has passed from earth. His was a long and useful life; and all over the land, at the far West and in the warm South, wheresoever sons and daughters of old Harrison abide, there will be tears shed over the tidings. "Uncle Joe" Shawhan is no more." Peace to the old man's slumber.

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The editors of the Lexington Press certainly do not comprehend the attitude of the Bourbons toward the Democratic party, else they will not take the trouble to investigate the motives of what it now styles, with twenty-horse power wit, the Vandalhammers. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is the recognized high-priest and inspired prophet of Bourbonism. He lays it down as a fundamental rule of action—that is, law—of the Democratic party to elect only those men to office who will themselves refuse to recognize and obey the amendments to the Federal Constitution and decline to compel others to recognize and obey them. For, argues Mr. Stephens, they were forced upon the people by fraud, in a manner unknown to the Constitution, and are necessarily void.

Now, it has ever been a fundamental principle of the Democratic party to uphold and obey all *de facto* laws, whatever their tenor without questioning their validity, and looking only to the legal means of ridding themselves and the country of bad laws. Nullification is not one of those legal means. Nullification is radical revolution, and the Democratic party has never been a radical revolutionary party. On the contrary, it has been eminently the conservative party of the country. Mr. Calhoun, a much wiser man and a far greater statesman than Mr. Stephens, attempted to fasten the doctrine of nullification upon the Democratic faith, and miserably failed. And from that moment his public life became a failure. Mr. Stephens, who was a younger man, might profit from the example of the great South Carolinian; but as it is, it would amount to but little what views he may or may not entertain, were it not that certain papers and politicians, for objects of their own, are magnifying the importance of his opinions in order to array the Democratic party in hostility to the laws of the land, and thus insure its early and speedy disintegration.

The Vandalhammers—we, for one, accept the designation; it is a good one, much better than Brickpomery lists—oppose this attempt to commit their party to the doctrine of nullification. They desire it to remain the party of law and order. They but follow the lead and the counsels of Old Hickory. Like them they see in nullification an attack upon the unity of the States and the supremacy of constitutional law. They echo his old battle-cry: "The Federal Union must be preserved!" Bourbons "dine a ye hear the slogan?"

Just about the time the Tammany Corruptions had become stale reading in Radical papers, along come the Hon. Mr. Evans of Pennsylvania, Hon. J. Ledyard Hodges, of the Paymaster's Department, and the Hon. Governor and Hon. Treasurer of Washington Territory, and steal eight or ten millions of the public money. Admitting, for the argument's sake, that the Tammany chaps have stolen a nice pile from the treasury of New York city, and that the eight or ten weeks of holding up of hands in holy horror by our Radical friends is fully justified by faith in Tammany rascality, what a deal of howling ought we to expect from the honest fellows when they come to preach from the texts furnished by Evans & Co.—Come Parsons Louisville Commercial Frankfort Commonwealth, Lexington Statesman, and Maysville Republican, let's hear from you on the subject of Radical Spoliations.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

Splendid Farm

For Sale!!

ON the 25th day of October next, I will offer at Public sale, if not disposed of privately before that time, the farm on which my mother now resides, situated on the Winchester and Boonesboro pike, four miles from Winchester, one of

DWELLING HOUSE,

With six large rooms, all in good repair—Barns, Stables, Carriage and Buggy House, also, a large orchard of choice fruit.

This is

133 ACRES,

Of No. 1 land, with an abundant supply of never-failing water, an excellent

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of W.

A. COOK, deceased, are requested to call at the law office of my attorney, Apperson & Rod, and settle all my debts having any claim against said Cook will present them properly proven at the same place.

MARY R. WHITE,

Sept. 7-2w.

Executive &c.

THE MOST DESIRABLE

And slightly place near Winchester. Anyone desiring such a place would do well to call and examine it before day of sale.

For further particulars call on or address the undersigned at Winchester, Ky.

M. G. TAYLOR.

Mr. Sterling SENTINEL copy 4 times, and send bill to advertiser.—Clark Co. Democrat.

Mr. Sterling SENTINEL copy 4 times, and charge this office.—True Kentuckian.

Mr. Jonathan OWEN.

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